



Severance Soup



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Chapter 1 by 8ct 8ight

I have to find it. I have to find that song. That melody. Who wrote it? Why? That's it. I've settled it. I will not rest until I've found it, even if it takes me five years and five thousand miles. Rest is the enemy; Curse the moon!

Twice before I've heard this melody in my dreams, but last night, it was so clear, unforgettable, and beautiful, I doubt I conjured the music myself. But who did? This question brings to me to my grandfather. The old man used to be a well known trumpet player all over the world. He's been everywhere, even places I haven't heard of. He's preformed for everyone from peasants to kings. everywhere he goes, he learns something new, so if anyone's heard a melody, it's him. I drive the small journey to his house, sit at his grand piano, and play what I know of this elusive melody.

"Hm," he said. "It does sound familiar." Frustration came across his face as he struggled to come up with the name of the song or the composer.

"Can you recall where you've heard it?" I ask, full of hope. Any answer could send me ten steps ahead. He frowns.

"Many miles away, but at home nonetheless. In on the farm of a distant relative. I recall the sound of a cello, but not sound to satisfy my ears. I overheard it being played every evening at

[twilight in the distance. As if it was a call for someone or something] An almost perfect answer, just one more thing I need to know.

"Where is this farm?" That's all I need to know. "Head northwest. You should be able to find it." I name Frank Roberts' farm. One step closer to rest.

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Chapter 2 by Saralsabel



Since I was a little girl, my grandpa made me learn to love the music. My favorite lesson in life, I may say. He tried to teach me trumpet but my soul was in the flute. I can play piano too but to me there's nothing so beautiful as a transversal flute. Maybe that is the problem, because I'm now sure that the melody that is driving me insane is a duet of cello and flute. But I can't understand why. Last night I was sleeping and that melody wakes me up at midnight, when I looked outside no one was there but I can swear that I heard it. Today I'm going to Frank Robert's farm to see if he can tell me more about this. I drive to the northwest of the city, to the camp and the farms. Everything is so green here, so different to the city.

"Excuse me, lady" I ask to an old lady "Did you know where is Frank Robert's farm?"

She is smiling at me until I say his name, when her face became darker.

"Yes, I know that but why should I tell you? You shouldn't be around people like him. So deep in his madness about that damn thing that he can't see anything else" she said and rolls her eyes

"But you don't look like harm to him, so I guess I can tell you"

"I won't hurt him. I just want to ask him something about a song, he is an old friend to my grandpa and he said that Mr. Robert can help me" I said, maybe if she have something to gossip about she will just say the direction.

"Oh, of course, dear" It's so good to be right "His farm is the third in that way, between the Holler's farm and the forest. It's a white and blue house" She said and smile at me. "Be careful dear. He isn't himself lately"

"Yes, I will. Thank you!"

Finally, I arrived to the Frank Robert's farm...well, more like abandoned farm because it is in really bad state. I get into the house so he can hear me while I call his name. And suddenly, it happened.

There it is.

The melody

Coming from the forest

"I overheard it being played every evening at twilight in the distance. As if it was a call for someone or something" That's what my grandpa said

I get to the front of the forest and the melody became louder. It's no time to be scared, let's go. I take a deep breath and get into it. I try to find the origin of the sound. But it goes even more far away every

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